

# The American Song King Edward Asked For.

Written by Arthur Pryor  
The Assistant Director of

## Sousa's Band

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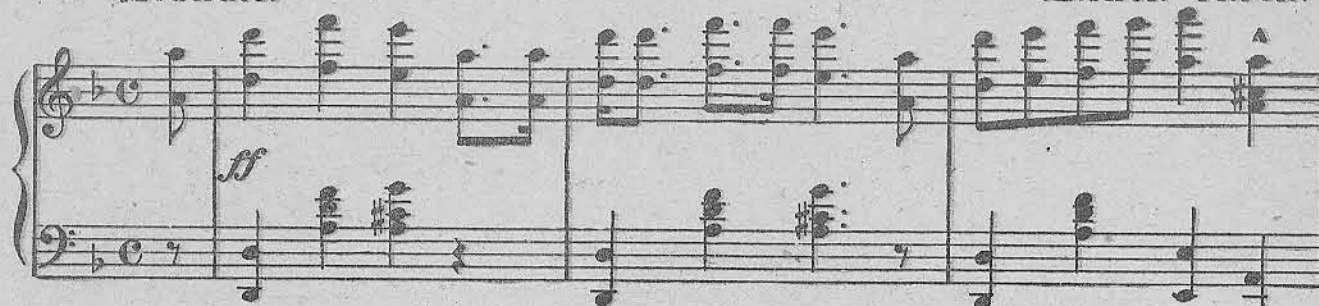




# A COON BAND CONTEST or THE TUNE THAT WON THE HAM FOR THAT COON BAND.

Moderato.

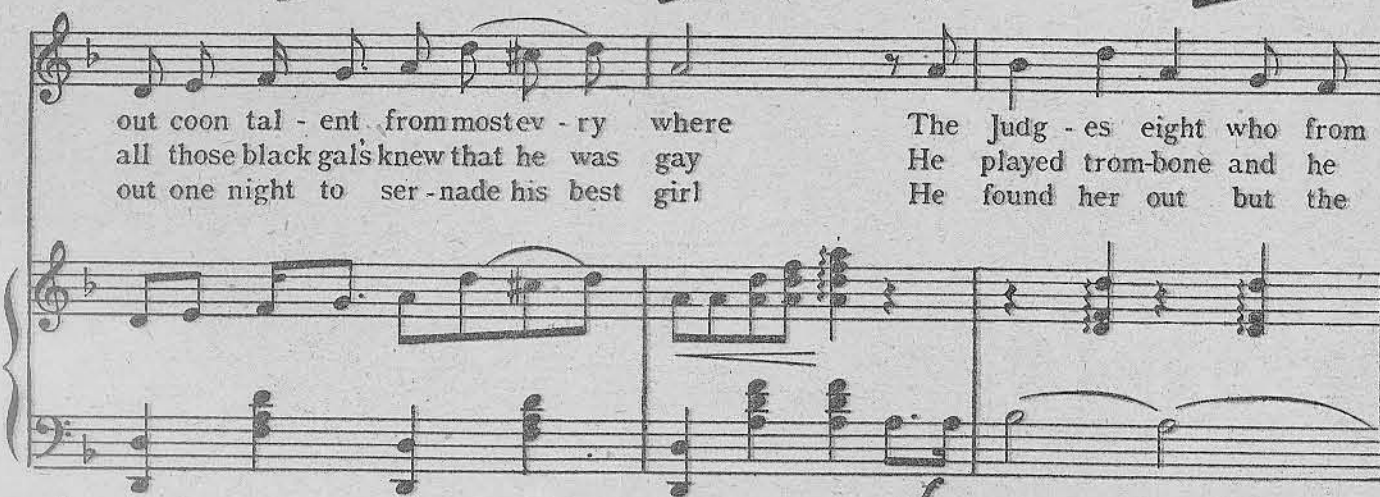
ARTHUR PRYOR.



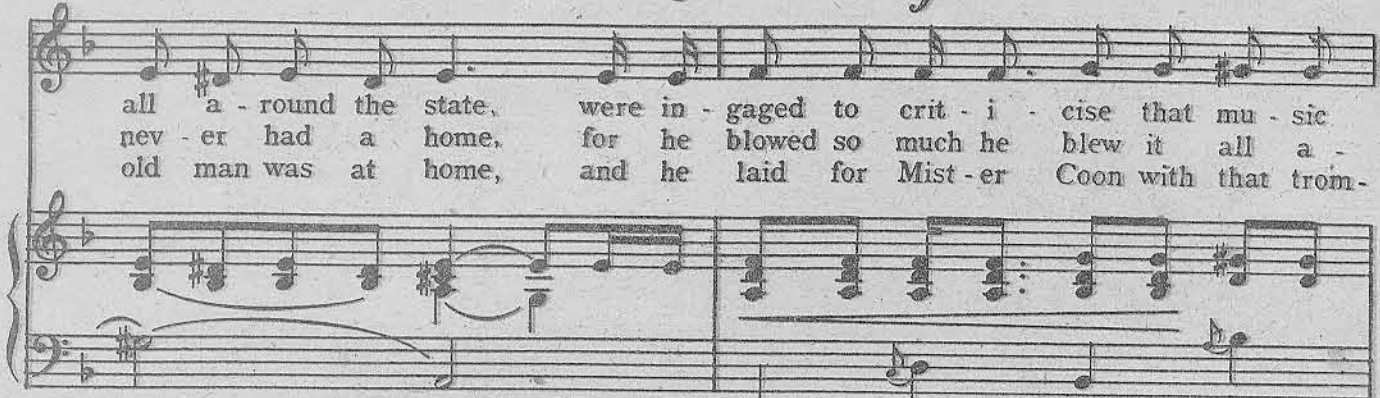
1. A Band con-test which was pulled off way down south, Brought  
2. A great big coon was the lead-er of that band, And  
3. That great big coon who in vent-ed that fierce tune, Went



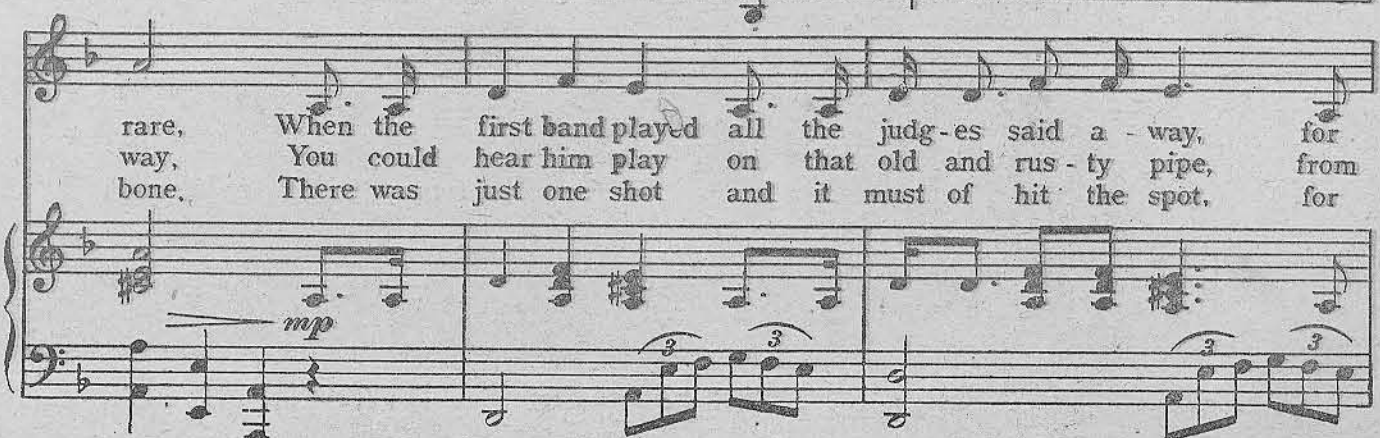
out coon tal - ent from most ev - ry where      The Judg - es eight who from  
all those black gal's knew that he was gay      He played trom-bone and he  
out one night to ser-nade his best girl      He found her out but the



all a - round the state,      were in - gaged to crit - i - cise that mu - sic  
nev - er had a home,      for he blowed so much he blew it all a -  
old man was at home,      and he laid for Mist - er Coon with that trom -



rare,      When the first band played all the judg-es said a - way,      for  
way,      You could hear him play on that old and rus - ty pipe,      from  
bone,      There was just one shot and it must of hit the spot,      for





half those coon's could not read notes at sight then an  
 ear - ly morn to ver - y late at night and it  
 Mist - er Nig - er nev - er played no more and they

oth er band tried to play but made a frost, for  
 made you wish ev - er they day that he was dead, or  
 bur - ied him like they do all spor - ty coons, but

some coon yelled out fight. Then from a bove, there came a  
 ver - y sick a bed. But oh that tune, played by that  
 not so with that tune. For ev - ry night, from down be -

sound as if the world had just drop down, And all them  
 coon did win the ham for his brass band, And now the  
 low a cer - tain ghost does come and blow, And all those

coon's, a - round that stand, said there's the band that wins the  
 town's for miles a - round, hear noth - ing but that dis - mal  
 stiffs a - round that coon, have mem - o - rized that aw - ful



ham. And oh that Tune I heard went some-thing just like  
 sound. For oh that Tune he played went some-thing just like  
 tune. For oh that Tune that ghost played sound-ed just like

*pp<sup>2d</sup>ff*

that oh aint that flat  
 that oh aint that flat  
 that oh aint that queer

*ff* Trombone Solo.

please give me a bat And all those yel - low gal's said  
 please give me a bat And all those yel - low gal's said  
 please give me a beer And ev - 'ry night at twelve a

oh my aint that grand And that's the tune that won the  
 oh my aint that grand And that's the tune that won the  
 ghostcake walk takes place To that old tune that won the

ham for that coon band And oh that  
 ham for that coon band For oh that  
 ham for that coon band For oh that

*L. H.*  
*D. S. to %*